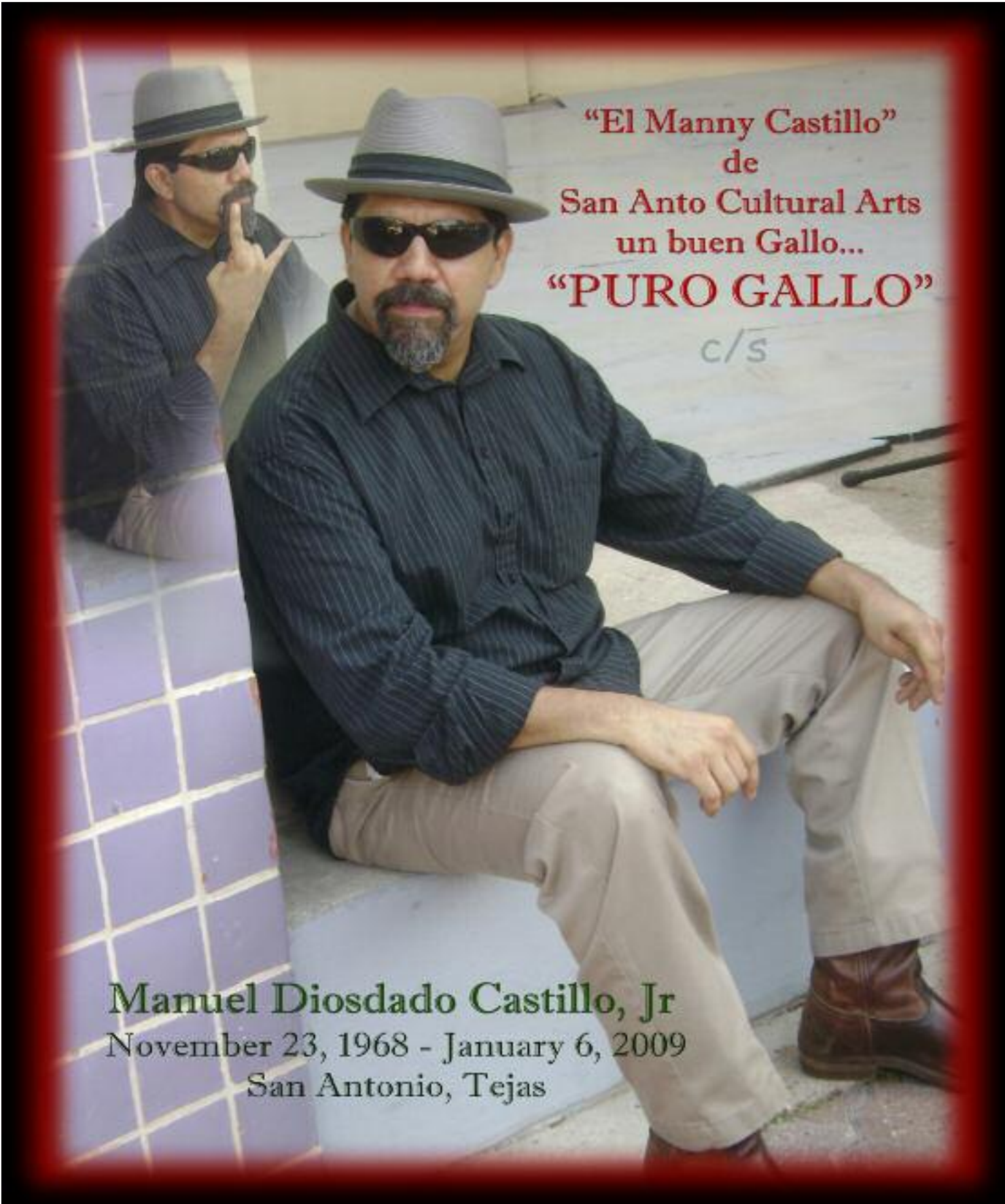




March 2009 • San Anto Cultural Arts • 1300 Chihuahua St, San Antonio, TX 78207 • ph. 210.226.7466 fax 210.226.8354 • cordonez@sananto.org • “A creative and soulful outlet of the people.” c/s



Tangerines: For Manny Castillo

“Tangerines are only for *veteranos*,” Manny told me one day.
“I’m not ready to wear those shoes and I wouldn’t want to disrespect.”

Although he sometimes wore a *tandito* and fly shades, he didn’t think he was ready for the Cadillac of Stacy’s, manufactured in Mexico, sold mostly at Penner’s, bought by *pachuco*-styling *güey*s on lay-a-ways.
Because you have to “*Dale Shine!*” on paydays!

Veteranos are street-wise warriors from the “old school,” lovers and fighters. You’ve seen them before in polaroids you peel and wave until the face of your *tío* appears, leaning on a ’57 Chevy at Brack,

or your teenage dad still freshly badass before the Army and his civil service at Kelly AFB, slicked-back hair, *painadito*, or your *wuelito* on the roof of *La Gloria* checking out *rukitas*, thinking about asking your future *wuelita* to dance, or your *compa* leaning on his wheels called “*tres leches*.” You see them *en El Centro*.

Veteranos love oldies, Fats Domino at the car wash: “*I found my thrill, on Prospect Hill.*” Or Chicago’s: “*As time goes on, I realize, just what you mean, to me. And now, now that you’re near, promise your love, that I’ve waited to share, and dreams, of our moments together. Color my world with hope, of loving you.*”

No’ombre. Chutup.

Other *veteranos* like oldies such as Dinosaur Jr., El Santo and Cleofus Trujillo Trio.

Veteranos observe the traditions of *familia y comunidad*, respecting and remembering other *veteranos*, barbecuing at fundraisers, learning three or four Nahuatl words, remembering Ram, honoring mother and father, playing softball at Holy Cross, loyal to friends, reading the poetry of raulsalinas, Trino Sanchez, and The Black Hat Poet, playing drums, dancing to conjunto at Lerma’s.

All things *veterano* was Manuel, worthy to wear the finest tangerines.

Santiago Garcia

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About El Placazo & San Anto Cultural Arts

El Placazo Barrio Newspaper is one of three programs operated by San Anto Cultural Arts. The purpose of the newspaper is threefold: 1) educate and train youth in all aspects of newspaper production (photography, journalism, computer layout and design, desktop publishing); 2) develop and nurture the artistic, writing and cognitive skills of youth participants; 3) allow for community residents to voice, document and express their creativity, history and thoughts through the submission and publication of poetry, articles, and artwork. The newspaper is published monthly, has a yearly readership of 96,000 and is distributed to over 250 locations and subscribers in San Antonio, Texas, the US and Mexico.

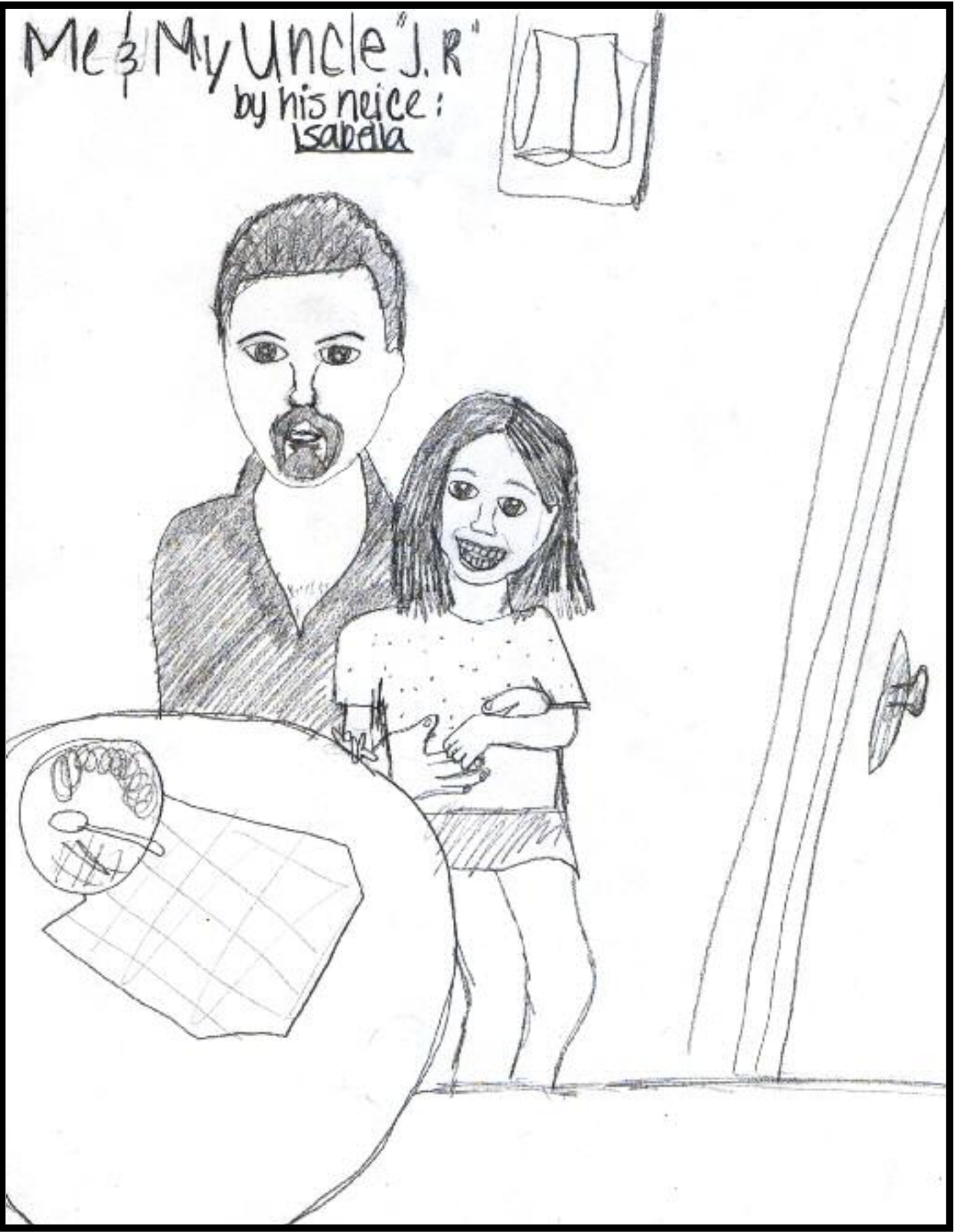
General subscriptions are \$15 dollars, and 12 41 cent stamps for prisoners, (or \$5.00 even) upon request. San Anto Cultural Arts is a non-profit organization established in 1993 at Inner City Development by community volunteers. Incorporated in February of 1997, SACA received its non-profit status in July of that year. The goal of SACA is to allow community youth and adult residents to realize their creative skills and to use art, journalism and video production & documentation to foster community, social, educational and human development. SACA operates three main programs: Community Mural Program, El Placazo Barrio Newspaper and the Video Oral History/Documentary Program. If you would like to make a donation, volunteer with a project or fundraising events, or would like to just stop by and chat, do not hesitate to contact us at 226.7466.

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Manny was a person who loved to listen to music whether it was his band Snowbyrd or some other funky music. He never knew that his headphones were not plugged in and that everyone could hear his music and him singing along to it. He was Always wearing his tapita with a smile on his face and the Westside in his heart. He was Never in a bad mood. He is a kind-hearted person to everyone. If you had a problem he would do whatever he could to help you in any way he could. He Never threw anything away. He was a collector of treasures and momentos. Clearly he touched many lives through out the community and you didn’t have to know him to know feel that.

By Michaela Jacobson and Serenity Hernandez
Michaela and Serenity are both 7th grade students at Tafolla Middle School.

Arte by Isabella Farias



Top 5 Recuerdos y Deseos for Manny

5. "Roadrunner, roadrunner/Going hundred miles an hour."
-"Roadrunner" by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers

We are in your truck, or maybe tres leches, and you are driving us somewhere FUN; with the radio on at night.
You'd look over and give us that puros-teeth, lip-curved, ¡tan guapo! grin.
We'd be sitting all-together, squished in...

San Anto in the nighttime.

You would navigate us down streets we'd never seen, take us places we never knew we never knew:
A dark lil' bar with a bad-ass jukebox.
An ice house with a Spurs game on TV.
A Westside dancehall with a dance floor you helped scuff up.
So many St. Marys nights.
Tacoland. Lerma's. Saluté. Acapulco. Tuckers. Sanchez. Santa's. Sam's. Casbeers. Dos Hermanas. Texas Latino. White Rabbit. Beer Depot. Limelight. Bar America.
And, yeah, okay, even The Mix.
Where else? _____

In our backyards and beyond, you led the way.
Proud to share what you knew, always happy to show us, take us, and best of all,
BE WITH US.
Manny, you opened our eyes.

4. "You just can't live in Texas/If you don't have a lot of soul."
-"At the Crossroads"
by The Sir Douglas Quintet

And then, Manny, you opened our ears.
Hot damn!
All that beautiful music.
So much you took the time to turn us on to: Sir Doug and Sunny and Steve Jordan. The Meters, Ornette Coleman and the Brothers Johnson.
Philly Soul, Brown-eyed Soul, New Orleans Soul.
Tejas homegrown puro pinche blues.
Gooley, sugar-sweet songs from the '70s.
Hardcore-metal-S.A.-Dirty-jams.
Punk y Polkas,
Funk y Conjuntos.
And, yeah, yeah, even Jefferson Starship.
¿Que más? _____

Drummer boy, electrico:

you oozed music rowdy-stylez.
Manny, you lived and breathed the rhythm and the beat...
And you were the best kind of friend.

3. "Now that we found love/What are we gonna do with it?"
-"Now That We Found Love"
by The O'Jays

The best kind of friend.
You always put us first.
You gave us your time, blessed us with your energy, wrapped your mind around our troubles and put your heart into finding solutions.
Moved heaven and earth to help us...
Connected us.
Inspired us.
Encouraged us.
Forgave us.
And, yeah, every so often, pissed us off.
But never for long.
You loved us all:
Your mom and dad and Rene y Diana, tu cuñado and nieces y nephew.
Your San Anto familia, Tacoland and Ram, your Holy Cross homies.
The Philly circle, the New York crew, y tus amigo/as de Califas tambien.
Tyler and Walter y Eddie and Joanna. Rick and Cesar y Lee and Rich. Tony n' Rina y la Lisa. Los hermanos Lutz.
¿Y cuantos más? _____

You loved us, Manny and man, oh, man do we love you.

2. "I need more time/For my/Dreams to/ Come true."
-"I Need More Time" by The Meters

Nuestro servidor:
How can we thank you for all your accomplishments?
How can we show our admiration for your myriad triumphs?
How can we go on without you?
The void you have left,

in our hearts and in our city, is filling up with our promesas and determination to follow your example and run with it---
In every direction, we will continue to make things better.
We will.
Te prometemos.

1. Camaradas Por Vida:
A Declaration of a Life Fully Lived.

Last summer you showed me your lifetime achievement award; you proudly pointed out the symbols of your life's work on the beautiful handmade tree.
You joked, now that you had the award, what could you possible have left to do?
I scoffed.
Yeah, whatever, Manny, a person's life is never fully



realized until the last possible moment.
But now I know I was wrong.
There are some miraculous and extraordinary people in this world who continue to triumph long after they are gone.
Manny, the innumerable ripples of positive actions that YOUR MIND and YOUR HANDS set into motion will continue to INSPIRE, INVIGORATE, and EMPOWER people to: dissolve barriers, break new ground and beautify communities.
Lift spirits, join forces, and seek out knowledge.
Pass down stories, play music and be real friends.

We will continue to make better, live better,
BE BETTER
and most of all, we will just plain ROCK ON.

Manny, you used all your moments, you gave all your energy, you opened your mind and your heart and you BECAME THE CHANGE.

You are a leader, A creator, you are A connector and An educator.
A conservationist, a conversationalist.
A critical thinker, a Bud Light drinker.
A DJ who put a new spin on old mixes, A connoisseur of fine women.

Sometimes necio, always precioso.
Bailando, tocando, platicando, Nuestro hermano Tejano, you are guardian of our past and an angel of our future.

Manny, you are an excavator of buried treasure, a record collector, caldo-maker, beachcomber, barbeque-er, river-floater.
A listener, a responder.

A prodder, a father.
A giver, a life-liver.
A lover and a fighter.
A rememberer, not a forgetter.

Manuel, you teach us to remember.
You show us how forgetting is not an option
If we are to THRIVE, not merely survive.
You show us how to fight for what is right.
You show us how to empathize
And, above all, how to be real friends.

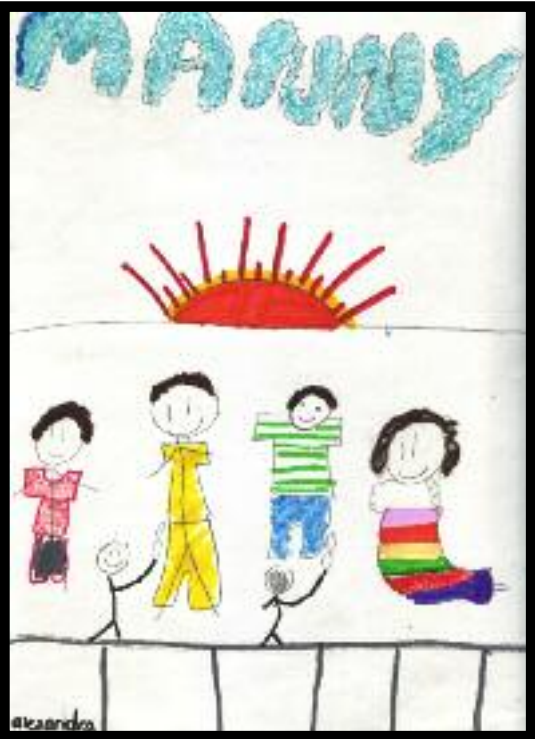
You teach us to remember, to never forget.

WE WON'T FORGET.
Your immense and intense spirit is within each of us para siempre:
Our Manny, el Meme, Manuel. Diosdado, regalado, querido, our friend.

con puro amor,
Bonnie Ilza Cisneros
c/s



arte by David Blancas



arte by Alexandra Salinas, a student at Virginia Myers Elementary

Sin Palabras

Hey Manny. We never said 5,000 words to each other. Didn't have to. We had the "look."

You looked at me and I'd stare back at you and your black goatee while drinking a strong-tasting Pearl at Tacoland, listening to Ram yell in the background. We sized each other up like two up and coming prizefighters from different weight classes. We had "respeto sin palabras." We never fought each other; we never wanted to. We fought together. Same mission; different method.

We shared the same "foxhole" on Laredo y la calle Brazos: La Gloria. You had los vatos y las rucas y las noticias whipped up into a frenzy. Los muebles would pass and la gente would toot horns and wave and throw money into white plastic buckets to save a cultural icon that some people said was not worth saving. I squeezed my 3-row button Hohner on the sidewalk and we fought alongside the spirits of those "old-time" viejos y viejas that were probably still dancing on the rooftops at all hours. And they looked down desde el cielo and smiled because "somebody" remembered.

You'd drop into Lerma's on a Sunday night, always with the usual entourage of eclectic hot chicks and cool dudes. I'd sit in the back smoke-filled corner and our eyes would "lock-on" for a second through the haze and sweat. You didn't have to explain nothin' to me. You brought in "los jovenes" to show them another part of the real culture

of San Anto. Henry Zimmerle, "Boom Boom" Sanchez y Conjunto San Antonio, Nick Villareal, Ramz Guerrero y Los Pioneers and Bene Medina. Gilbert and Mary Garcia and their Aztec mural. And you would teach those chicks to dance on that checkered dance floor! And I'd tilt back a tepid Lone Star and we'd say "Hi" among the blast of San Antonio's best conjunto music.

Huevos Rancheros Gala, October 4, 2008. Your last one. Los Padrinos invited me to squeeze the box on stage. Manny, (I thank God) you got on the drums behind me that day. You wore my butt out on that polka we played. I remember smiling and telling you that on the upcoming waltz "let's keep the beat under 90 miles per hour." Afterwards, we must have talked for a whole three minutes, the most ever!

I remember you, Manny Castillo, and so will San Anto. That's why I sit here now in the still morning, wearing my KEDA T-shirt, typing through watery eyes, drinking hot, bitter, cheap-ass Columbian coffee from an Early Times mug salvaged from the Winner's Circle bar on Grayson street. (Maybe when my wife reads this, she'll understand why I had to leave her in bed and write this at 4:30 a.m.!)

San Anto remembers you Manny. It is reminded of you in every hue of black and red and green and yellow and blue on its walls. And when we meet again, we'll have an eternity to talk. But we won't. All we'll have to do is "look."

Mark Weber
"El Tacuache"
DJ, KEDA, Radio Jalapeno



photo provided by Cesar Falcon

A stand up guy

by Cesar Falcon

My name is Cesar Falcon I meet Manny through mutual friends back in the Innercity days. It goes without saying that Manny was a great guy. But one thing I can tell you is that he is a stand up guy for what and who he believes in. I my course of knowing him I joined the Nation of Islam under the leadership of the Honorable Louis Farrakhan. Yes I am Xicano and proud. We were hosting a communi-ty event on the Westside at the Frank Garrett Center on Menchaca. Well the board had its issues about posting the event info in the Placazo. Given the media’s view of Minister Farrakhan. I don’t know what Manny said but he got the event in the *Placazo*. I will never forget that.

Dios-dado Manny

unto the world came a child
Nov 3, 1968
and he was named Dios dado
given by the Gods
the sea conch and huehuatl boomed
and the quetzal feathers gleamed
and the gods gathered upon mount teotihuacan
what shall we do with this strange new youth?

and they called upon the tlamatinime the wise
you, xochiquetzal, get your brother xochipilli,
give him the colors of your soul, and Tlaloc,
give him your ayauh-coça-malotl – your rainbow,
let him paint the tepantli -- walls,
powerful forever – tlacuilol-tepantli – murals,
and you cuica-matini, give him the rhythm
and the music of your drums!

and the wind eehcatl came along
and he blew the spirirt life – yoli-liztli –
and they sent him to the west side of San Anto
for it was written so by ipalnemoani,
omecihuatl, ometoeotl, the givers of life...

and he took up his cross after Holy cross High school
by the Alazan Apache courts he played with a chicken egg
could we have Chicano royalty here?
a king and queen huevo?
this had to be something real nuevo,
already displaying his roots

he runs into patti and rod, juan ramos, cruz ortíz
he’s got dreams bigger than aztlán, he wants to play the
drum...

he’s on the edge of Chicano evolution,
got a revolution in his soul
space and time change, walls begin to have a names
“Bright days,” “Sweet as Candy Lowridier mural,”

this quiet and shy cool cat guy got a heart as big as the
sky creates Placazo, barrio news-gram tortilla grafiti
barrio art, prison art, paño art, young cool reporters
fluid mellow hot they put society on the spot
while manny Castillo, his earthbound name, makes his
own fame got his own group -- los Snowbyrds rocking
sound band!

he celebrates giants in the urban city street scene
like trine, ram de tacoland, and randy garibay
you know them dudes, them cats who never sleep...
gets mighty talents crews from the highway lands dark
but he’s never in command he’s just the might spark
gets video crews, holiday jams, and stained glass in the
park!

36 murals and he’s forty years old, the Gods they think
we gotta make a recall,
we need this dude to spruce up our hall!
but titan Manny touched so many – us, the common folks
he reached far and wide to turn the tide, told our barrio we
got pride he pulled the colors from our soul
rainbow colors bold
taught the walls to come alive with visionary hope...

if there is a confusion because of his profusion
let me correct the news that say he was no arteest!



Arte provided by Nephtali

he was the greatest artist of all with a giant palette
every person was a brush and a music disquette

he pulled the paint from our souls young and old
magic weaver we were threads in his mighty magic loom
barrio flying carpets he gave wings to our dreams
greater artist our barrio has not seen!

Manny Diosdado Castillo the flags of Aztlán
fly at half mast and the gods will request of us poor mortal
folks
that this day never die from the memory of men
from the memory of children the memory of women folks
for you Manny Castillo still have to paint a mighty tapestry
in heaven of the earth-bound things you inspired in us all
and the legends of a wonder native son grow as we speak
when the Gods lent your soul to our San Antonio streets!

© by Nephtalí (nephtali3000@hotmail.com)

El Maestro del Barrio: Manuel Diosdado Castillo was a Community Educator and Teacher to Teachers

by B. V. Olguín, Ph.D.
UTSA La Raza Faculty and Administrators Association

Manuel “Manny” Diosdado Castillo was honored in 2007 with the UTSA La Raza Faculty and Administrators Association Lifetime Achievement Award for his lifelong commitment to the Chicana/o community and his pioneering work with the San Anto Cultural Arts Organization. He was the youngest recipient of this award ever, and no one has ever been more deserving.

La Raza Faculty and Administrators Association was formed over 20 years ago to challenge, and assist, UTSA to become more responsive to the needs and interests of the Chicana/o community in San Antonio, South Texas and the nation. Our initiatives include student recruitment and retention, program development, as well as faculty recruitment and promotion. We have been especially committed to making UTSA accessible to Chicana/o and working class students, and also to creating a curriculum that is innovative and applicable to the lived realities of these communities.

But as educators, we know that we do not have all the answers. We learn from our students everyday, and also from members of our community like Manny. In fact, Manny was one of our greatest teachers.

Manny taught numerous lessons, and among the most important for us, as university faculty and administrators, was his insistence that everyone could be a student—every single person regardless of their background or age. This collectivist philosophy was best illustrated in the San Anto Cultural Arts mural program. The innovation of this program was the collaborative nature of the learning experience each mural provided. Everyone received an education about the mural theme, its historical significance, the technical aspects about painting, and the beauty of Chicano culture. The students were youth, community members such as the area residents and the building owners, the team of artists, and, of course, anyone who had the great fortune of passing by the masterpiece.

In this way, Manny helped bring the university to the community, at the street level. But he didn’t stop there. Working with a large team of people with a diversity of skills—which he kept on track like only a drummer can do—he helped establish a unique set of programs that taught literature, visual arts, media arts, historiography, and culture.

More importantly, each of these programs was infused with a unique and profound sense of ethics. Education, Manny taught us all, is something that carried an awesome responsibility: those of us who had the opportunity to gain knowledge had a debt to pay to all the people whose work and sacrifice made it possible for us to learn. These are the carpenters and masons who built the schools, the farmworkers, homemakers and cooks who ensured everyone was fed, as well as the tías, tíos, abuelas, and abuelos who may not have had the opportunity to gain as much formal education as newer generations, but still supported us all in every way they could with their life wisdom.

I learned firsthand about Manny’s educational philosophy in 2004 when I brought a team of UTSA undergraduate students to him with the hope of producing a documentary about the San Anto Cultural Arts Organization. The first question he asked us when we proposed the idea of doing a documentary that would focus on the annual San Anto Día de los Muertos Procession through the Westside was: What are you going to do for the community? He challenged us to make sure that we produced a documentary that was high quality, respected the community, and had a lasting value for its residents.

“Our community is not just a group for you to analyze for your research projects,” he emphasized. “We are people with needs, wants, desires, and ambitions just like anyone else,” he added. “We’re happy to work with you, but you need to leave something behind for the community.” This was a lesson not just for my students, but for me.

Manny had previously worked with other UTSA graduate and undergraduate students as well as faculty. He taught them an ethic that usually is not

taught at the university: all teachers are servants and have a responsibility to their students, the students’ families, and the students’ community. It is not the other way around. This is Manny’s most valuable lesson to members of La Raza Faculty and Administrators Association.



Manuel Diosdado Castillo was el maestro del barrio, and he was our maestro, too. He taught us how to be ethical teachers and, moreover, taught us that we need to bring the university to the people. This is what he, and numerous other maestros del barrio had done. His words from the student documentary still echo as a lesson and a gift for us all: “I wish every community would have a San Anto Cultural Arts.”

Para El Meme

arte and story by Richard Araujo

Mr. Castillo was a quite and private person. His brain and heart were always churning out ideas to better his surroundings and his “barrio” – “his neighborhood”. This Westside of ours always needs motivation, stimulation and hope. Mr. Castillo gave it that, with his colorful murals around the barrio. His ideas and direction of those colorful murals call to us, depicting our race and culture, our religion, spirit, “on this side of town”, the “forgotten soul” of hard drugs and rejection. The beautiful color of the murals brings life out and brightens the drab world of the rejected, with colors that call to the mind, “life can be beautiful”.

His newspaper, “El Placazo”, not only helped aspiring poets and writers like myself, but also provided an emotional outlet for inmates allowing them to hope – by reaching out from the dark confines of incarceration, admitting their mistakes, sharing what they have learned, and hoping their message will prevent any more of our youth from making the same mistakes and following the same dark path.

So it is sad to see a beautiful and creative young man leave us. His “tando” hat and “pachuco” walk, I’ll always remember. His spirit will always be seen in our barrio, living in her beautiful and colorful murals. So when you see a rainbow, it’s only “Meme” trying to see what colors will look better to us, vivid colors of our culture and “raza”.



A Tribute to a Good Man

I didn’t hang out with “Manny,” hence, I didn’t know him that intimately. After his death, much has been written in the local newspapers about his many contributions to his community, but I have yet to read anything about him. Hence, what I have to say about him comes from my own perspective about him.

Since I was out of town when Manny passed, I was not here for his funeral. Therefore, I take this time to say goodbye. I also want to say to him that I am forever grateful for him accepting me as a person and letting me interact with the inner circle of the “Placazo Staff,” and for including me in some of the functions that were reserved for his staff only. This tacit acceptance by him brought me then, and still to this day, a feeling of worth. Nothing else that has happened to me in my lifetime has had this type of affect on me as a person.

In the limited time that Manny and I interacted, I can say with great conviction that he was a good man, a caring man, and one that would do anything for the betterment of his gente and for his beloved Westside. A man who sought no fame or great wealth, but simply cared for his fellow human beings. That was his nature.

I am sure that when Manny assimilated into heaven, he asked God to send him to the Westside portion of heaven. I wouldn’t doubt either that Manny would ask God if he could start a mural program so that all the angels in heaven could see for themselves San Anto’s Westside and what the gente who live there look like.

Rest in Peace, Manny

From a Tacit Friend,
Samuel Rodriguez

P.S. One of my constant weakness has always been the inability to remember people’s names. Manny’s name also always slipped my mind, even though I always thought he was a great individual. However, just recently, I learned that his middle name was Diosdado. When I learned this fact, I immediately realized that it was only fitting his middle name was Diosdado, for Diosdado in Spanish means “God given.” Therefore, I would like to point out that even within his name was proof that he was given to us as a present from God. This is why we will never forget this wonderful man.

Remembering the laughter we shared

by Michelle Withers

I wasn't planning on going out that night but my family wanted to celebrate Fiesta, so I reluctantly agreed to go to la Semana Alegre. I quickly dressed, not bothering to wear any make-up.



Later that evening, everyone separated, giving me the chance to wander on my own. And that's when I saw him. He was tall and lanky, and when our eyes met, he broke into the widest grin. It was radiant; the kind of smile that caused a ripple effect, making everyone else smile. And so I had to smile too.

I was drawn to him like a magnet. I wanted to approach him but I was afraid to so I quickly slipped back into the crowd.

The headliner, Joe King Carrasco, was just about to start playing, so I tried to fight my way towards the stage. I wanted to see the King but everyone else did too. More and more people started coming out of nowhere. The audience became a mob, growing thicker and thicker with every moment of anticipation. And then the king appeared, and the music began. I swayed involuntarily, back and forth, left to right, in steady rhythm to the beat.

My worry turned into terror and I began to panic. I should have clung to someone, anyone. But I was afraid. I was surrounded by hundreds of drunken strangers, and yet I was utterly alone. My heartbeat quickened

as I was filled with regret. I never should have drifted away from my family. I should have made one of my sister's come with me.

I tried to stay up as I shook with fear, but I finally started to go under. I was falling. I reached up to grab hold of anything, but my attempts were pathetic. I was falling and I would probably die.

A pair of hands abruptly slipped around my waist jerking me upwards, away from the ground. I looked up and it was him. He smiled again and grabbing me by the hand pulled me away from the throngs of people. I didn't know where he was leading me but I eagerly followed. I wasn't afraid anymore. I was ecstatic.

The roar of the crowd grew more and more distant, until finally he stopped and turned to meet my curious gaze. There were so many different emotions I should have felt, but I only felt happy to be with him - the tall and lanky stranger. I didn't know him yet, but I

Michelle." I dated Manny for most of high school and college. At times we were inseparable, but mostly we fought like brother and sister, constantly criticizing each other. I guess you could say we were young and idealistic.

He was always at my house, specially Sundays when my dad barbecued; he loved barbecue. We also went to every prom, debut, Blessed Sacrament Academy, and Incarnate Word Dance together. When Manuel's father would give him \$20, we both thought we were rich. Our favorite place to eat was a little taqueria on Cupples Rd., called



Photos provided by Michelle Withers

me up in. Usually, though, it was an old yellow Chrysler. But we were both happy, grateful to have a car to drive around. Manny loved to cruise either on SW Military or around Brackenridge park. We usually listened to his favorite bands, like The Killer Dwarves or Loudness. He loved 99.5 and Joe Anthony. He always carried a pair of drumsticks with him and he would play drums on the dashboard - often hitting them so hard they would crack.

Mostly though I remember the laughter we shared. He always knew how to make me laugh; he had a great sense of humor (sometimes at the expense of others), and he loved hanging out with his friends, especially Cesar.

But he was always kind-hearted. I remember him going out of his way to help people. Even at such a young age he had sense of honor and loyalty. I could tell he valued his family, and his friends... and me. For that I will always be grateful. I know that many will miss him - I will too.

But I also know, in my heart, that we will see him again, in heaven. Until then, Manny, we love you and we will miss you. Always.

Love, Michelle



would.
"Hi," he said. "I'm Manuel."
I smiled again, unable to resist. "I'm

Mucho Taco.
His father owned a car lot, so I never knew what kind of car he was going to pick



Hijo del pueblo 2.09

Manuel Diosdado Castillo por los murales brillo
Y sus ideales alcanzo y mucha gente lo admiro
El nunca de aguito y eso si
Y a la vida y al placazo con ganas y le dio

Manuel Diosdado Castillo fue hijo del pueblo
Que a la gente con su sonrisa alegre
Con su gentileza la amistad de la gente alcanzo
A su comunidad y su cultura fue lo que mas amo

Manuel Diosdado Castillo presente
No muere lo que ya sembraste
Y por tu dedicación y compromiso San Anto cut-
livaste
Un florecimiento cultural cosechaste

Ruben Solis Southwest Workers union

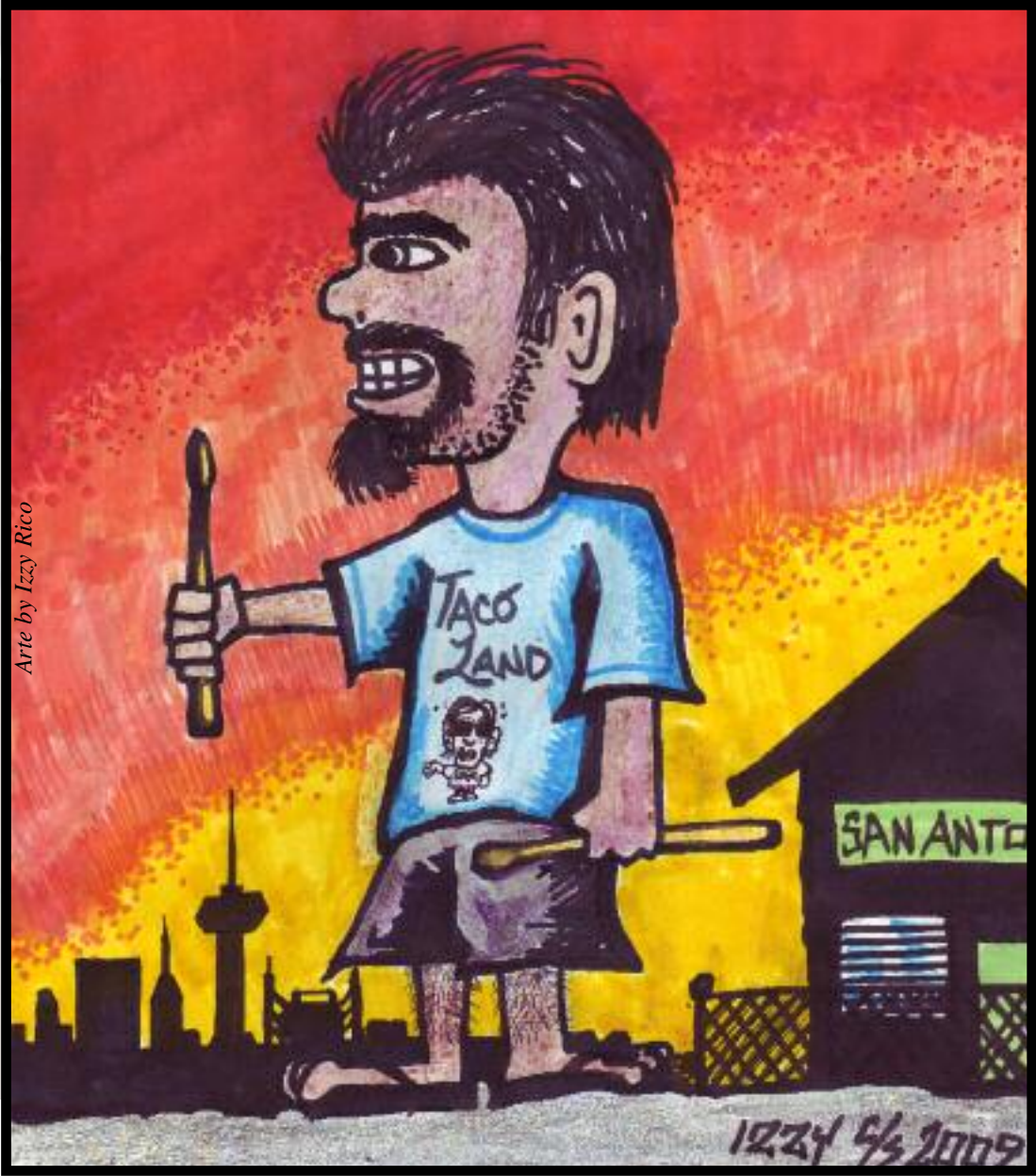
Some Things to Do in the Face of Death For Manny Castillo

“The pitcher cries for water to carry
and a person for work that is real.”
“To Be of Use” Marge Piercy

- Paint the casket.
- Stare back.
- Bring the gifts.
- Don’t mourn, organize.
- Do the right thing.
- Stand at the four corners, watchful.
- Do what the moment suggests, facing
an eternity of moments.
- Drum.
- Do what needs to be done.
- Do more.
- Play the sax.
- Embrace.
- Follow the example of the exemplary life.
- Laugh.
- Cry.
- Sing.
- Gather light.
- Remember, but do not lock away as past.
- Re-dedicate.
- Make food.
- Make art.
- Make peace.
- Make love.

Continue the work.

Jim LaVilla-Havelin 2/20/09



Continuing his legacy

by Serenity Hernandez

Manny was the co-founder and executive director of San Anto Cultural Arts (SACA). He also played the role of an excellent drummer of a band called Snowbyrd. He entered and touched a lot of people’s lives. He had such a positive attitude all the time no matter what was going on. Manny was the kind of person who you could talk to when you had a problem and he would listen and try to help as much as possible. No matter what, he had a smile on his face, a smile so full of joy that you can never forget it.

The day I met Manny I was seven years old. He is the one I have to thank for getting me involved with the local community newspaper “El Placazo.” I got into writing all kinds of things and it turned out to be something I love. All of the kids that participate at San Anto Cultural Arts loved and cared about him, just like I did, because of everything he has done for us. He wasn’t just an adult that guided you, he was also a friend, a person you could trust no matter what. His co-workers cared for him as much as we did, because he made them laugh and was always there for them just like he was for all the kids.

On Tuesday, January 6, 2009, Manny Castillo

passed away. He had been battling with cancer for a few months. When the bad news about Manny’s death got out it was such a sad moment. I could not believe that he had actually passed away. My family cried and cried. They cared for him as much as anyone else did. Everyone was devastated and cried. Nobody could believe what was actually happening. He was such a strong person and he never let any weakness show. People remember him saying, “I can’t wait to get back to work.” We will keep the program going to continue his legacy.

Manny was not just the co-founder of SACA, or a drummer, he was a great person who had a lot of impact on the kids that were involved with San Anto. His main priorities were San Anto, his band, and most importantly, his family and friends.

I know I am only 12, but because of him I am where I am today. I have accomplished so many things because of him. Everything he taught me will guide me later in life. He will forever be in my heart.

Rest in peace, Manny Castillo. You were such a great person and had such a wonderful impact on everyone. You will be in everyone’s heart forever and will never be forgotten. Thank you for everything you have done.



Gracias, Manny

Poema para Manuel Diosdado Castillo

La vida es breve, yes, life is brief,
And you taught us that and also that
What we do in this brief life matters.
Gracias, for the passion and the vision,
Gracias for the footprint of your life,
Gracias for the music,
Gracias for the laughter,
Gracias for the honor and dignity
Of your actions.
We, your community, salute your
Well-lived life and honor
Todo lo que nos dejas;
Quedas anidado en nuestros corazones
Como una memoria dulce de lo que
Podemos hacer
In a short and brief life, en una vida breve.
Gracias!

Norma Elia Cantú

To the family of Manuel Diosdado Castillo

He was very solid, friendly, intelligent young man. Above all he could see beauty where most could not. All the places where the murals are now there was nothing but bare walls, dilapidated and squalid. He transformed them into beautiful pieces of art. I, like many of his friends are at a loss. His passing caught me by surprise.

I went to visit him at the hospital, to talk to him. We had a nice conversation and when I got out of the room I was convinced that he was going to make it. But alas, God has another plans for him. Now he is in charge of the most beautiful mural of them all, the mural of God, his mother, his father, angels and some lambs. Isn’t that awesome? Manuel we will miss you a lot, you did good. Rest in peace. May God bless you all.

Mario De Luna

